

# The TATLER

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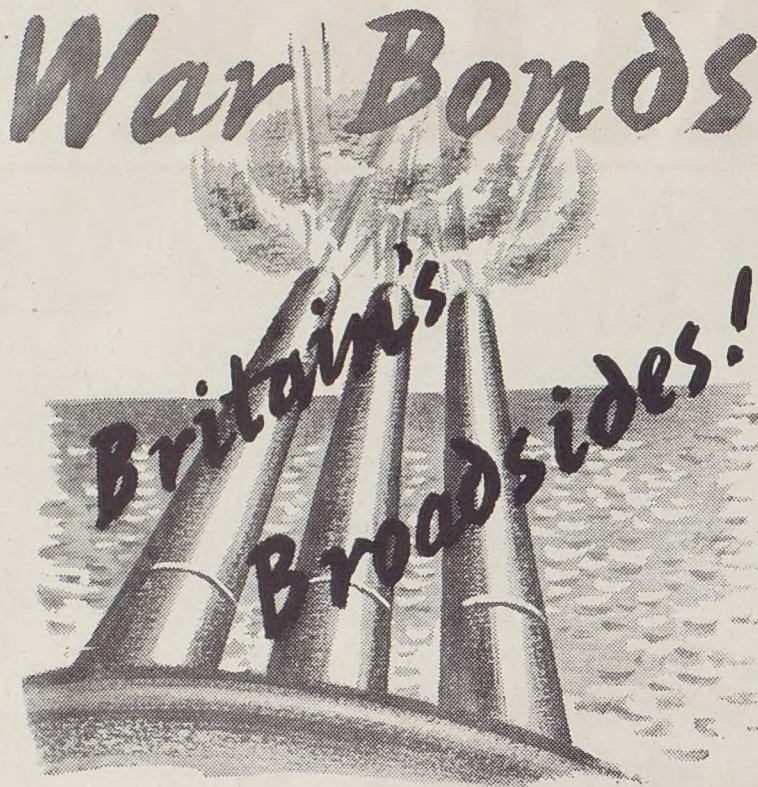
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# THE TATLER

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## A QUEEN TO HER PEOPLE IN 1585

Flora Robson, Queen Elizabeth in *Fire Over England*, has the same rôle in *The Sea Hawk*. The film (more pictures are on page 201) is set in 1585, when Philip of Spain threatened to invade an undefended England. At the launching of the new ships Elizabeth spoke these stirring words to her people:

"My loyal subjects, a grave duty confronts us all to prepare our nation for a war that none of us want—least of all your Queen. We have tried by all means within our power to avert this conflict. We have no quarrel with the people of Spain or any other country. But when the ruthless ambitions of a man threaten to engulf the world, it becomes the solemn obligation of free men, wherever they may be, to affirm that the earth belongs not to any man, but to all men, and that freedom is the deed and title to the soil on which we exist. Firm in this faith, we shall now make ready to meet the great Armada which Philip sends against us. To this end I pledge you ships worthy of our seamen, a sturdy fleet hewn out of the forests of England and Scotland. A navy foremost in the world—not only in our time, but in generations to come"





# THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

## A Momentous Month

August, 1940. It has a familiar ring, reminiscent of that other August twenty-six

bring one air-borne division. To receive these men Britain has a million and a half troops and a million and a quarter Home Guardsmen, supported by the R.A.F.—we are not allowed to quote numbers—and all the might of the Royal Navy.

## Mr. Churchill's Estimate

The Prime Minister, I am told, placing no special trust in soothsayers but preferring to rely on estimates of manpower, manufacturing capacity, political deductions and military strategy, considers that Britain will be able to win the war in 1941. How and where are Mr. Churchill's secrets. Others think that Germany can survive two more winters but will be brought to her knees in 1942. That is the year in which American aircraft production should be reaching its estimated peak of 3,000 planes

a month for delivery to Britain. But other factors than sheer weight of military material will certainly have entered into the calculation before then. If Mr. William Randolph Hearst is to be taken as a sound judge the United States of America will meantime have entered the war at the side of Britain. On the other hand war may have spread to the Far East. Since there is no real prospect of a negotiated peace meantime we must expect the fortunes of war to sway to and fro, and on the law of averages it is Britain's turn for a favourable swing of the pendulum.

## America Lends a Hand

Signs multiply to show the helpful attitude of the Washington Administration in support of Britain's war policy. In particular Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, has been most co-operative in a variety of directions. He plays an important part in arranging for allocation of British aircraft orders and was also concerned in the discussions which led President Roosevelt to ask Congress for a vote of five hundred million dollars to finance purchases of surplus commodities in Latin America. While this action should help the South American States, it also provides a means of denying these products to would-be European purchasers; to wit, Germany and Italy.

In a number of directions Mr. Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State, has also been collaborating closely with Britain in pursuit of war policy. For example, it was of the greatest assistance to Britain to be assured in advance that America would play her full part in helping the British contraband authorities to operate the blockade effectively. If Britain can be sure that no cargoes will leave America unless a British "navicert" has been issued in their respect, much of the burden will be removed from British war vessels on patrol.

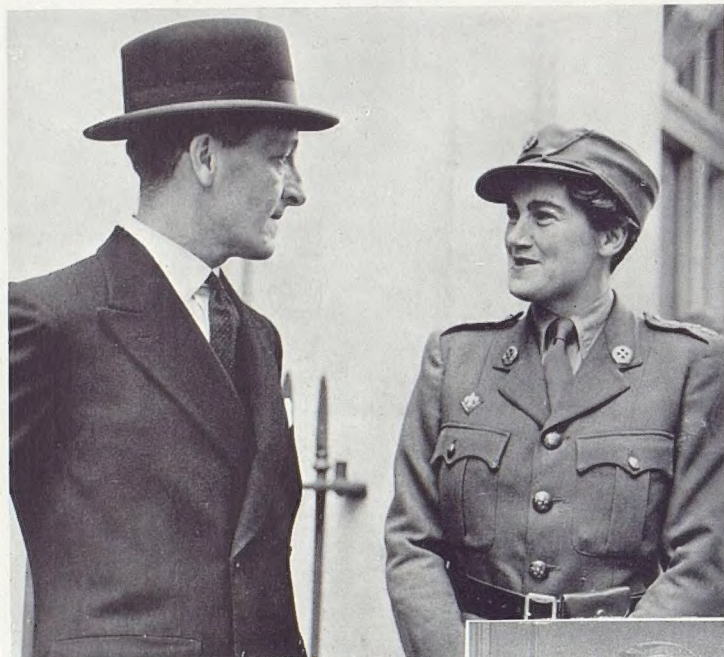
As to the cash problem which is constantly oppressing the British Treasury one gathers that Mr. Roosevelt has told Sir Frederick Phillips of that august organization, now visiting Washington, not to bother his head too much about what is to happen when and if Britain runs out of money.

## Oil and Iron Ban

Nearly a year has passed since the United States denounced their trade agreement with Japan and, on expiry of the six months' period of notice, acquired the unquestionable right to determine afresh what articles it should export to this Far Eastern customer. For a time Japan stood aghast, assuming that America was about to impose an embargo on those essential exports which represented two-thirds of her raw material supplies for war production and prosecution. But the blow never fell; indeed, will not have fallen until the President uses his powers to prohibit the export of oil and iron scrap where this would be prejudicial to the defensive requirements of the United States.

Delayed action resulted from some division of opinion in the Washington State Department on the probable

(Continued on page 184)



INTREPID SOUTH AFRICAN AMBULANCE DRIVER

Miss Marjorie Juta, the well-known South African authoress and airwoman, who with two other ambulance drivers made a spectacular escape from the Germans in June, is taking an ambulance unit to East Africa. She is an assistant company leader in the Mechanized Transport Corps. Mr. S. F. Waterson, the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa in London, is seen chatting to Miss Juta, when he inspected the unit prior to its departure overseas

years ago when Britain and France declared war on Germany following her invasion of Belgium. What will the historians write of August, 1940? Will they have seen it as the decisive month of the new world struggle, or as opening a new phase in a struggle destined to continue for an indeterminate number of years? If we are to put our trust in the professional seers, then this month and next will see a start in the progressive decline and fall of Hitler and the House which he Built.

Certainly if there is to be an attack with all arms against the British Isles it should not be much longer delayed. The North Sea campaigning season will soon be drawing to a turbulent close, and invading armies of sufficient strength to make an impression on Britain must be supplied by sea even if they can be brought hither in part by troop carrier aircraft. According to Russian estimates Germany still possesses some 600 of these planes, which should suffice to

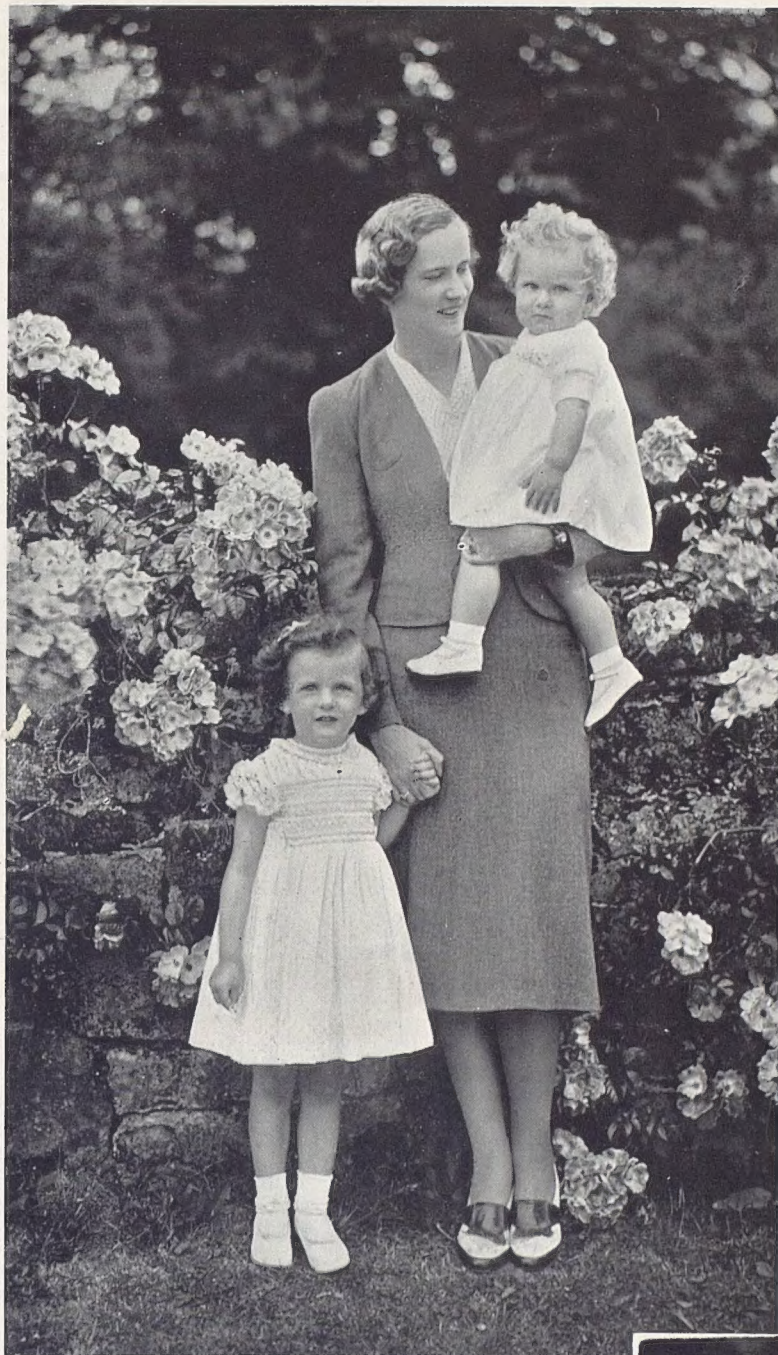


COMFORTS FROM THE COLONIES

Lady Davson (Chairman of the Ladies' War Services Committee) shows some of the surgical material to H.R.H. the Princess Royal, on the occasion of her visit to the West India Committee's offices in Norfolk Street, Strand. Lieutenant-Colonel Ivan Davson, O.B.E., Chairman of the West India Committee, is seen on the left. Lady Davson is the mother of Sir Geoffrey Davson, and a daughter of the late Mr. C. L. Glyn and Mrs. Elinor Glyn the famous authoress



## IN A WILTSHIRE GARDEN



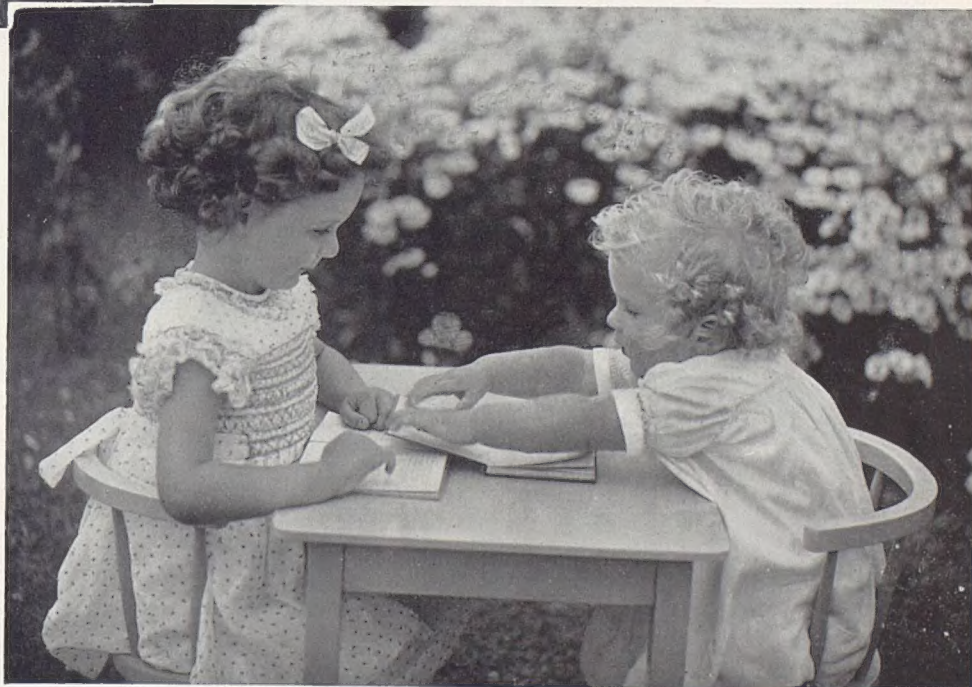
LADY HERBERT AND HER CHILDREN

These delightful photographs of Lady Herbert with her three-year-old daughter, the Hon. Diana Mary Herbert, and her baby brother, the Hon. Henry George Charles Alexander Herbert, who was born in May last year, were taken recently at Baverstock Manor, Dinton, Salisbury, Wiltshire. The garden with rambler-covered stone wall looks as peaceful and pleasant a spot as one could find anywhere in England. Lord Herbert, formerly a lieutenant in the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Pembroke, was appointed Equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent in 1935. He married, in 1936, Lady Mary Hope, only sister of the Marquess of Linlithgow (the Viceroy and Governor-General of India), and Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. Her nephew, Lord Hopetoun, for whom much anxiety was felt, previously reported missing, is now known to be a prisoner of war and well. His young wife, formerly Miss Vivien Kenyon-Slaney, has gone to India to stay with her parents-in-laws, taking her baby daughter with her, whose christening took place early last month, with the Princess Royal as one of her god-parents.

*Photos: Miss Compton Collier*



THE HON. DIANA HERBERT AND THE HON. HENRY HERBERT WITH THEIR MOTHER, LADY HERBERT, IN THE GARDEN AT BAVERSTOCK MANOR





## The Way of the War—(Cont. from p. 182)

course of events in the Sino-Japanese war. The view prevailed that to impose an embargo might precipitate Japan into some desperate adventure, such as occupation of the Philippine Islands or the Dutch East Indies. These fears appear to have been banished, for President Roosevelt certainly intends to stop this important source of war supply to Japan and, through the newly created "Office of Merchant Shipping," to prevent American tankers being chartered to convey oil to Europe. This does not mean that Britain will be unable to employ her own vessels to bring American supplies to our own shores.

### French Diplomats' Safe Voyage

Members of the French Embassy and Consular Staffs in England were more fortunate in their return voyage than the repatriated fighting men who attempted the trip in the French merchantman *Meknès*. They arrived back safely in Vichy, accompanied by M. Paul Morand, who has been designate Agent-General of the French Government in London. The diplomats and their families were originally to have made the voyage in the *Meknès*. They were saved from doing so only because the total party would have been too large for the accommodation available on this particular ship, whose normal complement was only 400. When sunk she was carrying 1,200 French naval officers and ratings.

Within the past few days London has lost another old French friend in the person of M. Roland de Margerie, who for some years was First Secretary at the Embassy at Albert Gate. On the outbreak of war M. de Margerie prevailed upon the Quai d'Orsay to release him for military service, and he spent the winter with one of the crack French regiments at the front. But his gifts as diplomatist and linguist were too valuable and, greatly to his own disgust, he was brought back from the simple life of an infantryman to liaison work between the French Foreign Office and General Gamelin's headquarters. When M. Paul Reynaud became Premier and Foreign Secretary he impressed M. de Margerie into his service at the Quai, and the young officer-diplomat remained with him until the end.

Because of this association M. de Margerie narrowly escaped arrest in the last difficult days. M. Paul Reynaud's friend, the Comtesse de Portes, who was killed subsequently in a motor accident in company with M. Reynaud, was particularly bitter against him, because he worked and advised in support of a strong French policy. Now M. de Margerie, with his wife and family are *en route* for China, via Britain and the United States. He will take up the post of Consul-General in Shanghai, where he will direct the affairs of a community of 700,000, and wait patiently for the rebirth of France.

### Uneasy France

Reports from France show that there is growing apprehension among the people now that they find themselves under the German heel. They recognize that Germany plans to reduce them to the status of a purely agricultural State, forced to toil in the fields to provide food for the German industrial community. It results that German posters urging Frenchmen to make friends with the occupying Germans are being widely defaced, despite the threats of penalties.

while radios are still systematically tuned in to French language broadcasts from abroad.

In Paris and elsewhere the troops of occupation are behaving well. This has been the system adopted at the outset in the other occupied countries—Norway, Denmark, Holland and Belgium have all had the same experience. But as resistance follows the first stunning effects of defeat, and the Gestapo move in to take control of affairs, all moderation and tolerance disappears.

That stage was reached in Norway some time ago and is now in full swing in Holland. Soon it will reach France. But for the moment the German troops, officers and wives are clearing the French shops of all that is of value, paying in francs which are either printed in Germany or bought at an arbitrary exchange rate of twenty to the paper mark. Meanwhile difficulties have been developing apace between the French and German representatives on the Armistice Commission. The problem of communications is becoming so acute that various French Government departments are being moved back into Paris.

### French Refugees

Some attention is now being paid to the need for providing some organization to look after the increasing number of French refugees in Britain.

This statement may sound surprising; but it is the fact that with almost every passing day a few fresh families turn up somewhere in south-west England. They are mostly Breton fisher-folk, whose comments on the Pétain Government and all its works are most uncomplimentary. Landing in bays and creeks up and down our shores they need food, clothing and permission to earn their livelihood—by

fishing. I am glad to hear that the American relief committees which were dispatching clothing for relief of distress in France, are diverting their shipments to Britain and arrangements will soon be in train for taking better care of these welcome visitors.

### Balkan Bargains

Seven years have elapsed since Germany began her campaign of dishonest trading in the Balkans with the object of achieving just that situation which she is now turning to profitable account. Through a series of economic operations too lengthy and complicated to describe in detail Dr. Schacht succeeded in drawing these peoples ever deeper into the Nazi lair, and after his dismissal the good work was carried on, under the direction of Marshal Goering, by Dr. Funk, a one-time economic journalist. Britain awoke slowly to the actual situation and, late in 1938-39 began to take half-hearted measures designed to give the Balkan States a road of escape, by offering them trading facilities. But the rot had gone too far. Only desperate remedies could have been of any avail and in Whitehall nobody in authority could be persuaded to see that a million spent then might have saved a hundred or a thousand millions later on.

With their trade and slender fortunes in the firm grasp of Germany, who has hastened to employ this control to obtain great political influence also, each of these relatively weak States has been obliged in recent months to dance to Hitler's tune. Such hopes of relative independence as they retained were dashed, in their eyes, by the series of initial reverses suffered by the Allies and finally crushed by the collapse of France. Menaced from the west by Germany and from the north by Russia they quickly concluded that their sole hope of survival lay in compounding with the more powerful; to wit, Germany. The fate of Rumania is typical. Because King Carol is ordered to cede territory to his neighbours his lot is regarded as the hardest. But time will show that each and all of these States is required to pay the price unless and until such time as Germany and her programme have been stamped out.

### Ministerial Changes

Mr. Eden gets another good mark for setting up a War Office Reorganization Committee. Few departments in Whitehall are more urgently in need of drastic overhaul, in spite of the fact that the Permanent Head, Sir James Grigg, is one of the most brilliant and ruthless of the younger school of Civil Servants. At the same moment there is renewed talk of the need for certain ministerial changes and reinforcements.

Lord Beaverbrook may not remain much longer at the Ministry of Aircraft Production. His restless energy and unorthodox methods have served their turn there and might begin to operate unfavourably after a time. As the Prime Minister's closest adviser he would certainly be considered for Lord President, if Mr. Chamberlain's health took him out of active politics. Both Admiralty and Air Ministry would like to see Lord Trenchard brought back as Minister of Defence.

There is growing feeling that the Prime Minister cannot grapple with all the widest questions of policy and at the same time devote sufficient attention to planning long-range war strategy with the Chiefs of Staff.



LORD AND LADY ARDEE

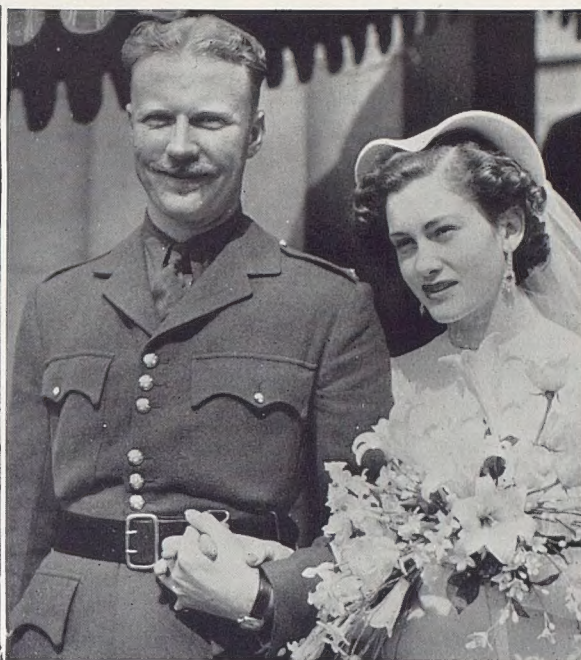
Leaving the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after their wedding on July 30. The bridegroom is the Earl of Meath's only son and heir, and is a captain in the Grenadier Guards. Lady Ardee is the daughter of the late Captain Geoffrey Bowlby, Royal Horse Guards and the Hon. Mrs. Bowlby





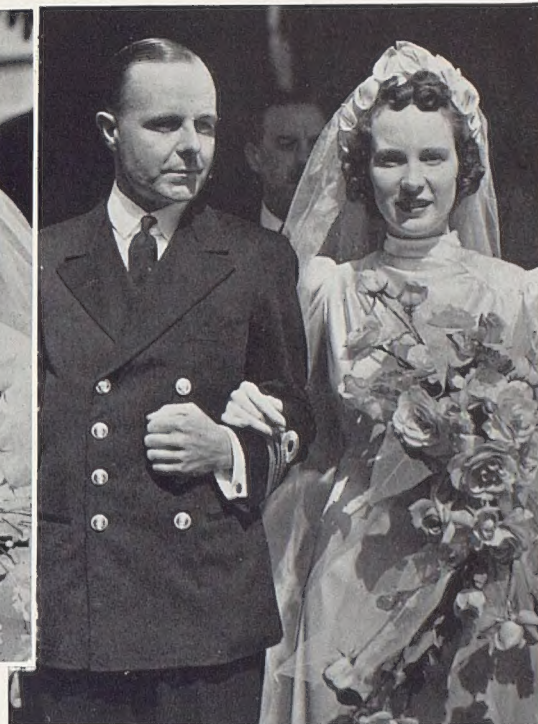
## MEMBER FOR EAST FIFE MARRIES

Miss Anna Margaret (Peggy) Greenwell, daughter of the late Sir Bernard Greenwell of Marden Park, Godstone, and of Anna, Lady Greenwell, was married at St. John's Church, Smith Square, S.W.1, to Mr. James Henderson Stewart, M.P. In the absence of her brother, Sir Peter Greenwell, who is a prisoner of war, the bride was given away by her uncle, Colonel R. S. McClintock. She was followed by her niece and nephew, Rosemary Miles and Patrick Casement



## WEDDING AT THE GUARDS' CHAPEL

The marriage of Mr. Michael George Ralph Nevill, Scots Guards, son of the late Mr. Percy Llewelyn Nevill, and Mrs. Percy Nevill of Birling, West Malling, Kent, to Miss Maureen Ethné David Rhodes, daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Tahu Rhodes of 11 Eaton Mansions, took place at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on July 27. There were four bridesmaids, two sisters of the bride and two of the bridegroom and his nephew, Rupert Field-Marsham was the page



## ADMIRAL'S SON MARRIED

At St. Mark's, North Audley Street, Lieutenant-Commander George Frederick Matthew Best, R.N., son of Admiral the Hon. Sir Matthew and Lady Best of Crockway, Frampton, Dorset, was married to Miss Rosemary Elizabeth Chadwick-Brooks, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. John Chadwick-Brooks, of 4 Queen Anne's Grove, W.4. The bride's small sister, Hilary, and her cousin, Mary Catherine Perl, were the two attendants, and Mr. Frank Best was his brother's best man

WEDDINGS  
IN LONDONFLIGHT LIEUTENANT AND MRS. M. N.  
CROSSLEY

Miss Doreen Maud Tibbitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Tibbitt, was married at Brompton Parish Church, to Flight Lieutenant Michael Nicholson Crossley, D.F.C., son of Major and Mrs. E. Crossley, of Tadmerton House, Banbury and nephew of Sir Kenneth Crossley



## QUIET WEDDING AT THE ORATORY

Miss Cecily Hughes, only daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Athelstan Hughes, and of Mrs. Hughes, of 16 Melbury Road, W, is seen leaving Brompton Oratory after her marriage to Mr. Anthony Robert Mathias, second son of Mr. Robert Mathias, and of the late Mrs. Mathias of Bury Manor, Pulborough, Sussex. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Anthony Hughes



## MARRIED AT CHELSEA OLD CHURCH

Mr. Eric Thomas Pelham, Welsh Guards, son of Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Pelham, of Westerham, Kent, was married at Chelsea Old Church, to Miss Barbara H. Fordham, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Henry Fordham, and of the late Mrs. E. E. Barclay, of Brent Pelham Hall, Herts. Mr. Herbert Ingram, Grenadier Guards was best man



# AMERICA ADVANCES IN SELF-DEFENCE

By LT.-COL. C. B. COSTIN-NIAN, M.C.

THE Monroe Doctrine has only succeeded in the past because the command of the seas has been in hands which respected it. The full realization that only the British Empire now holds America's front line has at last stirred all the Americas. If we fall the Statue of Liberty would hold her torch in the front line—in her other hand she now seizes a sword.

America advances step by step, week by week. Even that bulwark of isolation, Mr. Randolph Hearst, reluctantly predicts that the U.S. entry into the war as our ally is not only a probability, but a certainty, while Mr. Gerrard, their ex-Ambassador to Germany, puts the date of entry within six months' time.

During the present *entr'acte* between battles we have a breather with time to consider the movements off-stage. Far away we hear things a-rumbling across the ocean where massive preparations are *en train*. Like our own they come dangerously late, for our vast democracies move ponderously—so many voices insist on being heard. But when we do at last get moving, as in the last war, the momentum gathers such power as to become an almighty avalanche.

The economic weapon has begun its work. The restrictions on oil and scrap metal will offset any advantage Japan hoped to derive from the closing of the Burma Road, and being capable of extension will discourage Japan from following the Nazi advice to come out openly against us.

The U.S. defences seem bent on the good old American habit of record breaking, but time is required to convert these staggering millions into war material. We bless every dollar spent, every ship, plane and gun produced as an added general reserve to support our common position. In addition to the vast American expansion programme for all services, 3,000 warplanes a month will by next year be supplied to us. It is true we have to pay for the new factories and that for immediate use only our present purchasing programme will be available, but the competition between our urgent needs and America's own expansion requirements has been mutually settled.

As the Nazi tentacles reached the Atlantic, as their eyes search the horizon towards Iceland, Greenland, the Azores, South Africa, and Ireland, the American nerve vibrates. The next line is their very own shore, and should we fail no one in the world remains to hold it but themselves. No wonder we have their prayers, and their munitions.

If our navy failed America could no longer concentrate her fleet mainly in the Pacific, where it now neutralizes Japanese ambitions, and enables our own navy to deal with its enormous tasks in the west. She would be faced with the alternative of leaving the Pacific

open to Japan, or more evenly splitting her forces between the two oceans, with effective control of neither.

The new long-range naval programme of 70 per cent increase will not be completed within three years, but then, with the 200 new combatant ships and fifty auxiliaries, a two-ocean control of the sea will be possible.

In the meantime the next step needed is the sharing between our two navies of the bases at Singapore, Hong Kong, Darwin, Thursday Island, Hawaii, Manila, and the American coast bases. The Americans especially need the use of Singapore until their island harbour at Guam is converted, for their fleet based on Pearl Harbour, Hawaii has a radius of action of less than 3,000 miles, which is insufficient to reach Japan effectively, much less China, and those glittering prizes, the Dutch East Indies, and French Indo-China, so tantalizing to Japanese appetites.

On the Atlantic side the Declaration of Havana places all foreign possessions virtually under Pan-American trusteeship. No transfers of such territories will be recognized, or permitted. The nerve centre is the Panama Canal and its approaches. If this canal is cut at the correct moment, or seized for a few hours, much damage could be done to this vital communicating link between the oceans. A few months ago the United States Navy showed their army what an enemy might do to naval bases with aircraft carriers. Visions of a *blitzkrieg* on the canal zone have since then fired the imaginations of the defence chiefs.

The United States Navy have just formed six mechanized marine battalions of 750 men each for fast transportation to any danger spot. A new model of light tank and artillery will accompany them in the destroyers

especially adapted with landing gear and boats. Our Norwegian campaign gave birth to this idea, and the essential factor aimed at is speedy dispatch—like fire brigades—and disembarkation on unprepared shores.

The United States will soon become the world's greatest air power, and the warplane arsenal for half a dozen nations. While gigantic air bases are being hewn from the Arctic to the Tropics, their civil pilot reservoir has been increased nearly 10,000 in a single year. Although they only have now about 4,000 planes of all kinds in the army and navy, by next June the army will have nearly 5,500, and the navy 3,000. Their long-range air programme envisages 2,000 planes a month—eventually—being turned out concurrently with the 3,000 to be supplied to us.

As for the army, General Marshal believes that a trained and fully equipped force of two million men is the minimum necessary for the defence of America even with naval and air force co-operation. A first step towards this goal will be the creation of forty-five mechanized infantry divisions, and ten tank divisions, constituting a force of 1,200,000 men. As this cannot be attained without compulsory training, a Conscription Bill is now before Congress providing for the registration of eleven million men, nearly half a million being called up in October next.

It is interesting to note that the training of parachute troops has already started in a small way. Commander James Strong has begun by training fifty infantrymen on the two parachute towers he has constructed in New Jersey.

For this army expansion and modernization a sound framework now exists. Some three and a half months ago a new American revolution took place—within the army. It launched

a really fat expeditionary force-in-waiting, with new organization, new drill and new dress. While we in 1914 could send to France at once four or five divisions, the Americans in 1917 could only send skeleton staffs, the rest of their regulars being required for training the National Guard.

Like ourselves, they have always hitherto shied at the idea (and expense) of a large standing army or conscription. They felt satisfied with 115,000 regulars, with 44,000 for overseas garrisons at Hawaii, Panama Canal, Puerto Rico, etc. The new expeditionary force formed consists of five infantry divisions with two cavalry divisions (one on wheels, one on horses or wheels), and corps troops for the two corps. This force totalled only 60,000 on account of the new divisional strength being streamlined to only 13,000 (war) and 8,500 (peace). These new divisions gained in fire power by additional automatics what they lost in personnel. On this framework, and on this new organization the immense new army will now be built up.



NAMING L.M.S. "HOME GUARD"

The launching of a battleship is always an occasion, and here is the launching of another kind of "battleship"—this fine L.M.S. engine. With Lord Stamp, chairman of the L.M.S., is Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Royds Pownall, Inspector-General of the Home Guard, formerly called the L.D.V. No fewer than 50,000 of the L.M.S. staff have volunteered for the Home Guard, and included in this number are the driver and fireman of this engine





GENERAL LORD GORT, V.C., G.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.V.O., M.C.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY CAPTAIN EDWARD SEAGO. REPRODUCED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE ARTIST

Lord Gort's new appointment as Inspector-General to the Forces for Training has served to emphasise the supreme importance attaching to the training of the rapidly expanding army for active and offensive operations in the field under the supervision of an officer who has had recent experience of the new technique which the development of tank tactics has given us. Lord Gort commanded our armies in France and Belgium in the operations which terminated in the magnificent rearguard movements on Dunkirk, and the saving of the larger part of a force which, by all the rules of war, was doomed. Captain Seago, the artist, is now on active service in the Royal Engineers



# THE CINEMA By JAMES AGATE

## REALITY AND FILM

**B**Y far the most interesting film seen in our cinemas since the beginning of the war is *Men of the Lightship*, showing at the News Theatres. This recounts how, on a day in January this year, two German bombers attacked the East Dudgeon lightship. Everybody will have his own reaction to this actuality. One critic finds it "wholly startling," and adds: "If you don't want to be shocked, enraged, sickened and excited, don't go to see it." Another critic wishes it could be shown in every cinema in the United States. The two countries in all of whose cinemas I could desire it to be exhibited are England and Germany! It is of extraordinary interest.



### "MEN OF THE LIGHTSHIP" LOOK OUT

Associated British Film Distributors, who presented *Men of the Lightship* have given a fine film to the world and a lasting record of German warfare. The film, which is most ably directed by David McDonald and produced by Cavalcanti, shows the sinking and bombing of the East Dudgeon lightship by the unscrupulous enemy, who completed their work by machine-gunning the crew. For 300 years lightships have been considered international. They are unarmed and not in communication with the shore, but for the benefit of ships of all nations show their lights and sound their foghorns.

The actors are not professionals except in the sense that they are professional sailors, Royal Navy and Trinity House men. This raises another matter which has long intrigued me. This is the extent to which your professional actor is a benefit or a hindrance to the screen. Some years ago a lad who was driving my car asked me whether *St. George for England*, or something of the sort, at the Palace Theatre, was a film or a play. "Why do you ask?" I said. He replied: "If it's a film I shall take my young lady." I said: "How if it's a play?" He said: "No, sir. A film's more real." I understand the point of view perfectly. There, before your eyes, is a real lightship. Therefore you want real sailors and not people you took to lunch yesterday at the Ivy and who have asked you to supper at the Savoy to-night.

One's chauffeur senses this, and I think he is right. I wrote the other week about Pierre Fresnay, the French actor, and how his polish came through his carefully assumed boorishness, which I saw being carefully assumed. It was the same with that clever character-actor, Donald Calthrop, who died recently. Donald was too clever for the screen, and perhaps not quite clever enough for the stage proper. In the cinema his elaborate assumptions of disguise never concealed the fact that they were assumptions; his whiskers and noses could never hold their own with the reality of actual bar-parlours, the wet rings left by glasses on the counter, and not acted by anything or anybody, but just there in their own right. It's all a matter of first principles. Real backgrounds demand real people; stage scenery requires actors.

The foregoing explains why foreign films start with an advantage over the English variety, where we recognise our stage players, and the Hollywood kind, where the players are almost nauseatingly familiar. For example, I can imagine that *Night Train to Munich* (Empire) would make more

of the sort, since we at once recognise Mr. Rex Harrison, whom we remember as Alan in *French Without Tears*, and Leo in *Design for Living*. And whatever Alan and Leo were, they were certainly not British Intelligence Officers disguised, etc., etc. Similarly, who are those two priceless idiots calling themselves Charters and Caldecott? Are they Charters and Caldecott? No, they are those genial asses Mr. Basil Radford and Mr. Naunton Wayne, who have proved their genial asininity in play after play. Are they buying "Mein Kampf" on a station bookstall? Yes, but we wonder how long it will be before one of them starts doing comic things with thimbles.

Then take that new version of Miss Clemence Dane's *A Bill of Divorcement* (Plaza). Is that really the deranged father coming home from the asylum to discover that his wife has fallen in love with another man and wants to divorce him? No, it is Mr. Adolphe Menjou, who ends by clasping Miss Maureen O'Hara in tragic arms, while the wife's stout stand-by—which is such a very different thing from a stand-in—is only our old friend Mr. Herbert Marshall all over again. Of course, there is always the fun of comparing the present team with the earlier Barrymore-Hepburn combination. But, somehow or other, I find that when it comes to comparing one lot of notabilities with another, I lose sight of the work they are engaged in interpreting.

Readers will therefore understand the pleasure with which I sat through the film at the Pavilion called *Men Without Souls*.

Who was in it I don't know, and I took every possible care not to find out. The story was set in one of those American prisons which seem to be run entirely for the purpose of staging mutinies. There was the good old story of the boy who gets gaoled on purpose to revenge himself on the prison warden who murdered his father. Of course, the act of vengeance was committed by an older convict with an axe of his own to grind, and the boy would have gone to the chair if it had not been for the dying confession of the old convict trapped in the mutiny. There was also the heck of a clergyman! And it was all highly exciting and quite moving. But suppose I had been able to tell myself that the boy was Mr. John Carol, the old convict Mr. Edmund Gwenn, and the clergyman Mr. Owen Nares—should I have felt I was present in that gaol or merely that I was watching some highly accomplished acting? I think the second. Very well, then. I came away from that film persuaded that I had seen real convicts.

On the other hand, I am not going to suggest that real convicts would have been as convincing as

these doubtless excellent players. From which I deduce (a) that where acting is not wanted, real bus-drivers are better than actors pretending to be bus-drivers; and (b) that where acting is wanted, the unknown actor is better than your celebrity.



### RETIRED TRINITY HOUSE SKIPPER

The part of the skipper of the East Dudgeon is played by Captain Goody, a retired Trinity House skipper and one-time deep-sea diver, who is seen making the entry in his log, "All Ready for Relief." Shortly after followed the bombs which sank the lightship, and the crew, with one exception, perished. This tragedy is enacted by actual lightshipmen, men of Trinity House and of the Royal Navy, here making their first appearance on the screen. The whole episode has been reconstructed with the help of the Navy and of the Air Force, and will remain as an indictment of such barbaric methods for all time.

impression if played by very much worse, but foreign, and therefore unknown, players. Who is this British Intelligence officer disguised as a German major? With a foreign cast this could conceivably be a British officer disguised as a German major. In the present case it is, and can be, nothing



## VERSATILE ANNA NEAGLE

"QUEEN VICTORIA" IS NOW  
DANCING IN "IRENE"

*Irene*, seen in London twenty years ago at the Empire, when it ran for 399 performances, with Edith Day in the name part, had then already won its spurs in America in 1919, and now as a film, with beautiful Anna Neagle as the principal star in an absolute coruscation of talent, it is repeating its success at the New Gallery, where it opened on August 4th. The story concerns a lovely mannequin who wins her way to fame more or less by accident, as she ruins the gown she is to wear at her first, most important parade, and appears in a quaint blue dress which had belonged to her mother. "Madame Lucy," her employer, is really Don Evans (Ray Milland), the man whom she eventually, and of course, marries



ANNA NEAGLE IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF THE FILM VERSION  
OF THE FAMOUS MUSICAL COMEDY



ANNA NEAGLE (IRENE) AND RAY MILLAND AS DON EVANS, THE HERO  
OF THE STORY



IN HER NEAT LITTLE  
ALICE BLUE GOWN



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## Superb Autobiography

WHEN I saw on my desk a further instalment of Dame Ethel Smyth's autobiography I knew that I was in for some enchanting hours—hours when I should be deeply interested in the writer's personality and life; enthralled by her personal encounters among famous poets and musicians, and elsewhere rock with laughter at what she has to tell us about her life in general. "What Happened Next" (Longmans; 15s.) not only failed to disappoint me on any single page, but convinced me that, taken together with the previous two volumes of her autobiography, here is a life-story so varied, so complete, so moving, humorous and mentally exciting, that most books of fiction are by comparison anæmic. In this present tragic

physical and psychological, as would be enough to fill more than an average woman's whole life.

Nevertheless, it is a difficult book to review. Its separate sections, so unusual for the greater part, are almost books in themselves. All the same, it is the grand sweep of this autobiography as a whole which will hold the memory fascinated. There is the personal, worldly side, for example: Dame Ethel's story of the incredible series of struggles and disappointments which attended her career as a composer. It is a story told without bitterness, however, since it is leavened by a lovely sense of humour. Misfortune only braced her for further effort. Even when her disappointment must have approached tragedy she can still see the ironically amusing side of her fate. The

performance of her musical compositions invariably seemed like an invitation to disaster, especially to the men who wished to conduct them. Mysterious maladies attacked the enthusiasts almost from the first rehearsal. Even the first rehearsals only reached fulfilment after many intrigues, for and against, had been started; so that the second rehearsal seemed to take place in a minor revolution. How she stood up to it all is not the least wonder of this wonderful woman. But she did, and invariably she gave as good as she got. At least one high official of the Dresden Opera is reported to have said that "if ever he spied Miss Ethel Smyth walking in the streets of Dresden he would immediately leap into a droschky and leave the town by the next train."

HER subsequent triumphs as a composer, however, take the sting out of this long

story of determined fight against odds. When a story ends well, it matters little what has gone before. A more personal, more moving portion of the autobiography tells of that love-story which began so tempestuously and ended in that serenity which is half-sadness and half a quiet, satisfying happiness. Dame Ethel and Henry Brewster differed profoundly in many things, but underlying all these differences there was a mutual understanding which any storm could only shake, but never completely shatter. The letters which passed between them, some of which are reproduced, reveal their disputations as well as their mutual devotion. They throw an intensely interesting light on the characters of two very remarkable people. Work and love, indeed, are the main themes of this grand autobiography. But the incidentals to each are nearly always uproarious entertainment. A whole host of famous people flit through the book—always *à propos*, always vivid and memorable. Vernon Lee, for example, to whose cults Dame Ethel brings a mixture of loving friendship and acid. The stories she has to tell of Sargent and Mancini, both of whom tried to paint her portrait, are self-revealing as well as amusing. Again, there is a remarkable adventure in Calabria.

Indeed, there is not one dull passage throughout the book. It makes grand reading. To miss it, even in these unpropitious times, would be to miss one of the best pages of autobiography which has been published these many years. For myself I await anxiously a further chapter of Dame Ethel's varied life whenever it comes along.

## A Beautiful Novel

THERE are moments when, in a kind of despair, I imagine that the only way to find peace in this world would be to be inoculated against love and cast upon a desert island. A stupid dream; but then, I suppose all dreams are more or less stupid, though you may not realise it until you begin to analyse their possibilities step by step. Like the conventional idea of Heaven.

For when once you begin to introduce into your desert island dream the solace of human companionship, then the sure complications which you know would follow destroy much of the glamour surrounding that dream. It is a human problem as yet unsolved—whether it is better to be bored alone than to be bored in company. And only a human turnip is not bored on occasion. Moreover, human turnips would never dream with a deserted island as part of the vision. Only the mentally restless seek solitude; and yet, both in solitude and in company, there is always the snag of temperament.

"Priest Island" (The Cresset Press; 7s. 6d.), by E. L. Grant Watson, is the vivid, moving story of such restlessness and such snags. The period is round about a century ago. A period when a boy could be hanged for stealing half a crown and a man banished

(Continued on page 192)



Ernest Daniels

## A NOTABLE SON AND HEIR

The principal character is John Roland Stratford Beecham, and his parents are Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Beecham, the father being Sir Thomas Beecham's son and heir. Stratford came into his names because Mr. Beecham is steeped in Shakespearean tradition. He composed an opera on *The Merchant of Venice* at the age of fifteen. The christening was at Ilmington Church. Mr. and Mrs. Beecham's house is Compton Scorpion, Shipston-on-Stour, and they were married in 1939

crisis in our lives I can think of no finer book into which to escape towards a world which once mattered and will matter again so soon as barbarism has ceased to shatter and destroy. The period covered by the book is from her father's death in 1894 to that of the death of Henry Brewster in 1908. Fourteen years, packed with varied personal experience, both



## A HAVEN FOR BRITISH CHILDREN IN LONG ISLAND

In the picture are Mr. Marshall Field and Mrs. Harry Guggenheim, with some of the children from Great Britain; and the location Hempstead House, on the Guggenheim estate at Sands Point



## DESTROYER DIFFICULTIES



No. 9: TREBLE TROUBLE — BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY BEUTTLE

The particular trouble which the picture illustrates is a threefold one—an attack by submarines, aircraft and enemy destroyers all synchronising. As we know, or ought to by now, sailors simply do *not* care, and even the fact of someone having his tie and his false teeth blown to blazes at the same moment makes no difference. Exactly what the engine-room rating in the left bottom of the picture is supposed to be doing has not been disclosed, but the landsman might be excused if he thought that he was being violently seasick, but, maybe, it is only sea-water or oil! The opportunist with the sea-gull's egg is also worthy of notice



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

for the theft of a sheep. The background of the tale is among the more remote Scottish islands—lands where the wind and the rain and the stars play an almost human part, and life is simplified to its barren essentials of living. The theme is the gradual coarsening of a man's nature when he is forced to live in complete solitude and yet is for ever tormented by two things beyond his emotional control—the woman who betrayed him and whom he loved, and the injustice of man towards man.

PETER COSTELLO, who, for the sake of Jean, the girl he loved, stole three sheep and is betrayed by her to the police, is sent to an uninhabited island, since punishment by death seemed, even in those days of primitive justice, too severe a sentence. A spade is his only implement, a flint his only chance of obtaining warmth. For a bed there is the bracken; for food only those roots which he could lay his hand on with a few seed potatoes thrown in as the promise later on of better fare. We watch, fascinated by the writer's art, this gradual decay of a fine character, until he lives haunted by fear, by hate, by lust; with the elements as his only companionship, the moon and the tides alternately his friends and enemies. And all the time his mind is tormented by thoughts of Jean—thoughts lustful, passionate, loving, revengeful each in turn. Moreover, everywhere the island seems haunted by the ghost of a hermit who once lived and died there. At a moment when it would seem as if all this would drive him insane—or at least completely dehumanise him—there comes to him Mary, a lonely woman from the mainland. She had heard his story. Her heart was full of pity. She, too, in the midst of her fellow-men, was also alone on a deserted island—the island of her womanhood, swept by her frustrated dreams. She rows over to his rock with a goat and hens, offering him her services and herself.

How eventually they mate, have a child, and gradually heal each other of their spiritual wounds is beautifully related. Mary, humble, devoted, always willing; Peter realising what her love and devotion have done for him, yet his inner peace perpetually at war with the haunting memory of the woman who had loved him, proved faithless, and betrayed him. Some may find this no easy novel to read. There are no romantic or sentimental frills anywhere. The character-drawing is as simple and as clear as a chalk drawing. Its austerity is part of its great beauty. You may take it as a piece of realism or as an allegory. Or simply as a straightforward, unusual story very well told. In any case, it is not a novel which you will easily forget.

## Escape Us Never

SOME of the desert island delusionary dream is to be found in Mr. Hamilton

Gibbs's novel, "A Half-inch of Candle" (Harrap; 8s. 3d.). John Riversmead sought a life which he could live untroubled by the world of men and women; by the turmoil of their activities, by the sin and suffering and sorrow which follow inevitably in the human train. He had fought in the 1914-18 war and had been wounded. But the mortal wounds had been to the spirit, not to his body. In order to heal them if he could he suddenly left his old life, changed his name to Jean du Pré de la Rivière, and lived the life of an obscure artist in the little, lonely hillside town of Lafleur-du-Var. But fate did not allow him to live this existence of a recluse for long. Fate seems to hate to find a man at peace with himself, with others, and with his own well-guarded little world. First love came to Jean with all its emotional turmoil and disruption. Then war, which he imagined he had escaped for ever, clutched him and brought him back once more into its horror and its ruin.

Yet something seems to be lacking towards the end of this story which begins so effectively. Perhaps the magnitude of events seems to diminish beyond enduring interest the story of this man and this girl, whose whole outlook is a complete preoccupation with themselves and each other. So that the minor characters, who have taken life as it came and made the best of it in their own humble way, hold your attention throughout and together form the more lasting memory which the story leaves behind it. Nevertheless, here is a good novel to read.

## An Interesting Sidelight

CÆSAR SAERCHINGER's little book, "The Way Out of the War" (Macmillan; 3s. 6d.), is interesting, if only because it shows us what many Americans were thinking way back in January last. Its shortcoming is that everything has changed so much since then, both in regard to the way the war has turned and the way America, or a section of it, once considered it, that it is already a little out of date. For the attitude then, concerning which among many plans America ought to adopt, has become nowadays more an attitude towards one plan it must adopt—if it is to preserve its own liberty and independence. As for the writer's theory that America ought to stay out of the war, in order to step in on the peace settlement with an



## GOLF IN AID OF WAR RELIEF

The Hon. Pamela Berry—Lord Kemsley's daughter—presents Henry Cotton with a souvenir of the golf matches at Roehampton last week in aid of the Daily Sketch War Relief Fund. Henry Cotton and Miss Maureen Ruttle won the four-ball match against Alf Padgham and Miss Joan Pemberton by 5 and 4. Henry Cotton afterwards auctioned the golf balls with which they played, and the many gifts went to the Fund.



MISS MAUREEN RUTTLE, A DOUBLE WINNER, AND MISS JOAN PEMBERTON

Just before their eighteen-holes final at Roehampton in aid of the Daily Sketch Fund. Miss Ruttle won 5 and 4, and, as recorded below the other picture, also won in the Doubles with Henry Cotton as her partner. Miss Ruttle, who is still a schoolgirl, won the Daily Sketch Southern Tournament this year, and Miss Pemberton won the Northern one.

unprejudiced vision and a strong force—well, each week that passes only proves the more clearly that if Great Britain does not win the war for America as well as herself, there is not much likelihood of Hitler welcoming co-operation in a reconstruction of Europe and a great part of the whole world.

Consequently, although the author's ideas are a little *passé* in the present circumstances, his book is interesting as a step towards what must become, by *force majeure*, America's evolution of attitude in the vitally important months which lie ahead for the whole world.



## SOCIAL SATIRIST AT HOME

BRIDGET CHETWYND,  
NOVELIST, FOLLOWS  
"TOWN WIFE" WITH  
"MONEY TROUBLES"



BETTY CHETWYND, AUTHORESS OF TWO CLEVER NOVELS  
AND A PLAY STILL TO COME

"Money Troubles," which was published by Hutchinson's on June 27, is a clever and very amusing satire upon modern society with one particular recommendation—very smartly-written dialogue, a thing of which so few authors are masters. It embraces what is popularly called "County," which connotes "huntin', shootin' and fishin'" society, and also the ultra-smart side of London. A good pictorial achievement. Bridget Chetwynd's previous novel, "Town Wife," also had a success, and she has recently completed a play, *Living Quietly*, which is in the same vein as her books. Mr. Randolph Chetwynd, the husband of the authoress, is a cousin of Lord Chetwynd and a son of the late Captain the Hon. Louis Chetwynd, a brother of the eighth Viscount

*Tunbridge-Sedgwick*





# THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE

By ANTHONY COOKMAN

THE actor returning to the stage after a bout of filming is usually like a man who has been for a terrifying quarter of an hour at the wrong end of a gangster's pistol. He is afraid to move a finger without definite reason, lest the idle movement be observed and misunderstood. He feels himself to be still under arrest, and it is some time before he can bring himself to believe that the playgoer's eye is more easy-going because it is more selective than the mechanical eye of the camera. Even Mr. Robert Donat, trained and, indeed, intended by nature for the stage, showed signs of this intermittent paralysis when he first appeared on the eve of war as the disreputable hero of Mr. Shaw's piece about the American War of Independence. He played Dick Dudgeon in a plausibly disconcerting series of close-ups.

In spite of this defect, it was clearly a good performance. Mr. Donat understood everything about this irreligious and blasphemous blackguard whose spiritual fire, once it has been uncovered, utterly confounds the canting Puritans of New Hampshire. But the character, though drawn with accuracy and with gusto, was drawn

on the instalment plan, bit by bit. Mr. Donat has now regained all his normal stage fluency; and without wishing any harm to his innumerable film fans, I hope it may be long before he risks losing it

cry (and doubtless they did), these are the ethics of the Devil. But to us Dick Dudgeon—as a blackguard—is bound to seem a bit of a humbug. He calls angels devils and devils angels—but that little trick of speech would not deceive even a bench of modern magistrates all enrolled in the Silent Column. And if he is not good to his mother, what a mother is Mrs. Dudgeon!

No, it is not because we are surprised to see the divine fire flash out in Dick (he is, by modern standards, a hero from first to last) that the piece is still found to be so enjoyable. We enjoy it chiefly as a romantic melodrama deliciously mocking itself by putting a surprisingly gay twist into the tail of every romantic or melodramatic scene. And in the last scene of all—the arrival of Mr. Roger Livesey, the minister turned soldier, travel-stained and husky with weariness, waving a pardon as the rope tightens about the neck of the innocent

hero—Mr. Milton Rosmer's somewhat over-theatrical "Gentlemanly Johnny" cynically and wittily twists the tail of practically every other sentence.



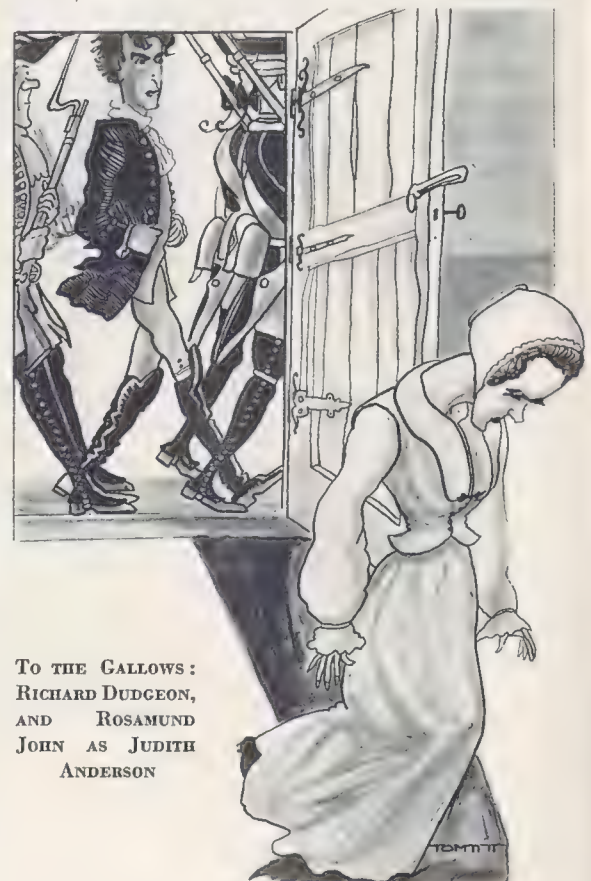
JOYCE REDMAN AS ESSIE,  
ROBERT DONAT AS RICHARD  
DUDGEON, AND JANET BARROW  
AS MRS. DUDGEON

again. The lusty, drink-swilling, tread-on-the-tail-of-my-coat Dick, alive in Mr. Donat's previous performance from tip to toe, is now alive from tip to toe and from moment to moment; and that in itself is a sufficient reason for going to the Piccadilly Theatre. There have been better revivals of this double-edged satire on Puritans and romantics; never one that gave us a more persuasive, a more intensely glowing portrait of the rapsallion hero.

What we are really getting, I suppose, is a wonderfully close collaboration between author and actor to pull the wool over our eyes, to make us feel that we are still as simple and as shockable as the elder generation of the 'nineties for whom the play was written. For when you come to consider the point of the play and all the changes of opinion that have come about since Mr. Shaw launched it at the heads of the respectable, it is remarkable that even an actor with the drive of Mr. Donat should be able to renew its force to-day. The gospel of *épater le bourgeois* was then in full swing; and this play was Mr. Shaw's most light-hearted contribution to the merry art of shocking. Give me a cheerful blackguard, he seemed to say, a scoffer at religion, a man who likes a drink, a man, moreover, who is not good to his mother: from him rather than from the ranks of the self-righteous may you expect charity and, if need be, heroic self-sacrifice. Good heavens, he counted upon the audience to



ROGER LIVESLEY AS  
ANTHONY ANDERSON



TO THE GALLOWES:  
RICHARD DUDGEON,  
AND ROSAMUND  
JOHN AS JUDITH  
ANDERSON





LESLIE BANKS, FRED GROVES AND ARTHUR ATKINS  
In a scene from Geoffrey Kerr's thrilling spy play, *Cottage To Let*, produced at Wyndham's Theatre on July 31. Leslie Banks as the brilliant scientist, Fred Groves as Evans, and Arthur Atkins as Hayning



ALISTAIR SIM AND GILLIAN LIND  
Charles Dimble (Alistair Sim), as an enemy agent, ingratiating himself with Mrs. Barington (Gillian Lind), the wife of Barington (Leslie Banks), the scientist, as a means to capture the inventor of the serum coveted by Hitler



THORLEY WALTERS AND PAMELA NELL  
Marguerite Barington (Pamela Nell), the scientist's daughter, is in love with George Perrey (Thorley Walters), a young pilot from whom the spy endeavours to extract important secrets

Following successful productions at the Streatham Hill Theatre and Golders Green Hippodrome, *Cottage To Let*, a spy drama by Geoffrey Kerr, son of the veteran actor, Fred Kerr, has arrived at Wyndham's Theatre. It is the first spy play to be produced since the outbreak of war, and is what the public wants, good entertainment and thrills against a background of the present great struggle. Leslie Banks, who was born near Liverpool, made his first appearance on the stage in 1911; played Shakespearean parts in F. R. Benson's company; toured in Canada and the United States, and appeared in London early in 1914. He served with the Essex Regiment from 1914-1918. Gillian Lind, who was born in India, was notable as Minn Lee in *On the Spot*, with Charles Laughton, and has previously acted with Leslie Banks in *Clive of India* and *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*

## "COTTAGE TO LET"

### THE NEW SPY THRILLER



Photos.: Houston Rogers

GILLIAN LIND, LESLIE BANKS AND GEORGE COLE  
Ronald Mittsby (George Cole), the evacuee and amateur detective, rescues John Barington (Leslie Banks), who only just escapes being convicted of murder and being a spy to boot. They are found settling down to build a model aeroplane by Mrs. Barington (Gillian Lind) quite unmoved by all their adventures





MRS. MARTIN AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS HELEN MARTIN, WITH HOSPITAL SHEETS  
READY TO BE MARKED



MRS. WILLIAMS AND MISS MARCETTS HARD AT WORK  
ON THEIR SEWING MACHINES



A CHARMING VIEW OF MR. AND

## COUNTRY HOMES

No. 11: THE SPRING



MR. AND MRS. MARTIN IN THE

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Martin, who are American by birth, are giving invaluable help to the country of their adoption. They are both active in the War Hospital Supply Service, the pre-War organisation, in London, and also to the County Hospital Scheme. Mr. Martin was for many years Managing Director of a magnificent herd of 120 Guernsey cattle, and is now giving his attention to intensive cultivation, and has this year sown 5 acres for potatoes, having 300 acres of land. He also drives for the

ON LEFT: MR. MARTIN, WITH HIS FARM MAN, "LADDIE II,"

ON RIGHT: MISS AUDREY GEE

BELOW: THE WORKING-PARTY, WHICH HAS ALREADY







Mrs. PERCY MARTIN'S HOME

## IN WARTIME

G, KENILWORTH



MR. MARTIN'S ENCHANTING WATER GARDEN

birth but have lived in England most of their lives, adoption. They have a daily work-party of forty worth, supplying garments and dressings to the Central embracing the whole of England with Headquarters me called the Warwickshire War Supplies Service. of B.S.A., and has only lately retired. He has a keen farmer, assisting the National effort by giving year ploughed up 74 acres of turf for oats, wheat acres altogether of arable land. Mr. and Mrs. Martin daughter Helen helps regularly at the Depot and local A.R.P. service

MR. MARTIN, LESLIE BURRETT, AND A GUERNSEY BULL. OF MAPLE LODGE

FEEDING THE GUERNSEY CALVES

TOGETHER 18 SEWING MACHINES IN FULL SWING



MR. MARTIN, AND ONE OF HIS LAND GIRLS, MISS ANNE HUMPHREYS, AT THE WHEEL OF A TRACTOR



MRS. WEISS, THE HON. MRS. MORETON-ANSON, AND MRS. BRETT, WIFE OF GENERAL BRETT, MAKING HOSPITAL BLANKETS BY HAND







THE HON. MRS. ASHLEY, RED CROSS COMMANDANT

*Antony Beauchamp*

A charming new portrait of the attractive Commandant of a Cambridgeshire Red Cross Detachment, the Hon. Mrs. Ashley. She is the younger daughter of the late Lord Mount Temple and of his first wife, the only daughter of the late Rt. Hon. Sir Ernest Cassel. Her elder sister, Edwina, who married Lord Louis Mountbatten in 1922, is also extremely busy with Red Cross work, being the County of London President of the St. John Ambulance Brigade



# RURAL RESPITE

LORD AND LADY HOWLAND  
AT  
THEIR COUNTRY COTTAGE

Pink Cottage, Chalkhouse Green, was a present to Lord and Lady Howland from the Duke of Bedford, intended for use as a week-end cottage, but now the family headquarters. When these pictures were taken, Lord Howland was at home on sick leave from his regiment, the Coldstream Guards, and a better place for it than at his peaceful, old timbered cottage cannot well be imagined. Lord and Lady Howland were married in 1939, and have a son, the Hon. Henry Robin Ian Russell, who was born at the Ritz last January, and is the direct heir to the Dukedom of Bedford, the present holder of the title being his great-grandfather. Besides the vast estate at Woburn, in Bedfordshire, the family own London property stretching from Bloomsbury to the river; each of the family names Bedford, Tavistock, Howland, and Russell is represented in street names



LORD AND LADY HOWLAND, WITH "JAY" AND "POMPA," AT PINK COTTAGE, CHALKHOUSE GREEN, WHERE LORD HOWLAND WAS ON SICK LEAVE FROM HIS REGIMENT



LORD HOWLAND OUTSIDE THE WINDOW; HIS WIFE AND "POMPA," THE GOLDEN LABRADOR, PREFER THE COOL OF THE HOUSE



LADY HOWLAND WITH HER SON, THE HON. HENRY ROBIN IAN RUSSELL, THE SIX-MONTHS-OLD HEIR TO THE DUKEDOM OF BEDFORD

*Unbridge-Solgwick*



# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."—*Samuel* 11, 1, 23.

**H**IS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY quoted these words in his reference to the defence of Calais by a brigade made up of battalions from the Rifle Brigade and the 60th Rifles (1st R.B., 60th Rifles, and the Queen Victoria's Rifles, a Territorial battalion of the 60th). This force, as is known, was more than decimated. It declined to surrender, and sacrificed itself in one of the most gallant containing actions in history. The tradition of the troops engaged was gloriously maintained.

**A** message to all Riflemen of the Rifle Brigade was, I understand, sent by F.-M. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the Colonel-in-Chief, expressing his pride in the manner in which the Battalion he once commanded acquitted itself in the defence of Calais. The defence of that place contributed enormously to the successful evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force from Dunkirk. This glorious passage in the history of the Rifle Brigade will live in the history of the Army. H.R.H. expressed his deep sympathy with all the relations and friends of those who fell.

**T**HE story of Corunna has often been retold; those of the Coa, in which the 95th were intimately concerned, and the Adour, a glorious page in the history of the 60th, not so often. Sir Henry Smith wrote of the former engagement: "During the Peninsular War there was never a more severe contest. The 43rd (Oxfordshire and

"The Germans, on the other hand, from the first thought in terms of mobile warfare. As was also pointed out in the *Times*, they decided that the speed and mobility of the tank would be lost if it were closely tied to the infantry, and when they rearmed and began to build tanks themselves, it was with the object of using them with extreme boldness, and to obtain decisive results."

**I**N a short note quoting a part of some information for publication transmitted to me by a "Sure Hand" (on the Continent) in 1935, a cogent part of it was docked off short. The essential part of this 1935 paragraph was this, after detailing the fact that Germany had then a completely mobilised field army of about 1,000,000.

"The watch-dog reiterating what some other watch-dogs in the same ownership have been saying for at least three years (*i.e.*, since 1932), goes on to tell us that the Some One now possesses three completely mechanised divisions, each including 500 seven-ton tanks (*i.e.*, 1500). The building programme provides for a further 650 tanks of from 15 to 18 tons each per brigade."

And yet we have been told that the heavies which smashed through in 1940 were a complete surprise packet.



A PETROL-SAVING BRIDE

The thrifty bride was the former Miss Tani Parker Hunt, only daughter of Commander and Mrs. A. W. Hunt, and the bridegroom Captain G. R. Wakeling, a recent M.C., Oxford and Bucks L.I. The wedding was at Burley Church, Hants., and Lord Simon was one of the distinguished guests



AT POWERSTOWN RACES

Captain Jameson, who is well known in the world of cricket, with the Marchioness of Waterford at this pleasant little meeting at Clonmel, in Co. Tipperary. Lady Waterford's own hunting country is just next door

Buckinghamshire L.I.) lost 17 officers and 150 men. The 95th (Rifles), 10 officers and 140 men. The bridge was literally piled with the dead, and they made breastworks of the bodies." The odds against Craufurd at the Coa were six to one in Ney's favour. The Battle of the Adour was not of quite the same nature as either Corunna or the Coa, which were both delaying actions, but it was a bitter all-day fight under peculiarly trying conditions. The 60th and the Guards combined only numbered 600—about 400 below a single battalion at war strength. They carried out their appointed task. The "Greenjackets" of those times still live. In death they are not divided.

**T**HE following extracts from an engrossing article by the military correspondent of the *Times* entitled "From the Last War to the Present" are of particular interest *vis-à-vis* some of the observations by Lieut.-Gen. Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven in his book, "Deductions from the World War," and which were quoted in these notes in the issue of July 31. Von Freytag-Loringhoven was very insistent upon the absolute necessity of preserving the war of movement, because that was the kind the Germans understood best. The *Times*' military correspondent, in speaking of British ideas of the employment of tanks, writes: "... their assault was to be ... covered by heavy artillery fire; no deep penetration was permissible in any circumstances until the hostile front had been disintegrated."



ALSO AT POWERSTOWN

Mrs. A. Masters, who has been one of the Joint-Masters of the Tipperary Hounds since 1935, with Mrs. Robert Keane ("M. J. Farrell"), authoress of many pleasant hunting novels, one of which "Snaffles" illustrated





BRENDA MARSHALL AS DOÑA MARIA,  
DAUGHTER OF THE INFAMOUS SPANISH  
AMBASSADOR

## HOW THE "SEA HAWKS" SAVED ENGLAND

It has been well established this long time that more things happen in the field than ever get into despatches and that is the pith and substance of this fine film, which started its career at the Warner Theatre on August 4. It is the story of those gallant, but often piratical men of the sea, the privateers, with one Francis Thorpe, whose name might quite easily be Drake, who managed to capture someone with the whole plan for the invasion of England by Philip of Spain in his pocket. Elizabeth had to pretend that Thorpe was no better than a pirate—exactly as she did in the case of Drake—but at heart she knew that he was doing magnificent work for his country. A picture of Flora Robson as the Queen appears as the frontispiece to this issue

(ON RIGHT) "CAP'N" THORPE CAUGHT  
AND CONDEMNED TO THE GALLEYS



"THE SEA HAWK" (ERROL FLYNN)

The scene of the scrap with the Spanish galleon carrying the Ambassador and lovely daughter to England. "Cap'n" Thorpe, privateer, was "put on the mat" politically by Queen Bess, but secretly she was delighted





# AIR EDDIES By OLIVER STEWART

## Misery Cult

IN the Air Force at the present time are many men of nationalities other than our own. There are Poles, French, Belgians, and others. They are a great source of strength and are proving superlatively good in action. But when I have chanced to meet some of these men I have been struck by the melancholy of their isolation. Cut off from their own country-women and from their own ways of life, they find British ways hard and even forbidding. Most individuals in this country do what they can to brighten the lives of these men when they get the chance. But such chances are few. For the rest, our allies in this country have to rely upon commercial entertainment, upon restaurant and theatre.

Is it really necessary, now, to make that entertainment more glum and more Pecksniffian than ever? We know all about the abuses of bottle-parties. But are these grown men really so incapable of looking after themselves that they must be nursed by the police? Do they not most of them come from countries where, formerly, there was much greater freedom in these respects than there is here; where there were cafés open at all times; where the idea of limiting drinking hours by law would have seemed utterly barbarous (as it is)? So when I see these men—our allies, who have already given up much to help us—wandering aimlessly about our streets, wondering what on earth to do, having almost nowhere to go except the cinema, I wish to goodness that we could temporarily restrain our restrictionists. I wish we could, not dull and diminish our entertainments, but brighten and free them. Personally, I think that the powers given the police over bottle-parties were unnecessary and were, in fact, an example of the way in which the gloom-parties always seize times of trouble to put over their restrictionist campaigns.

## Bread and Circuses

I feel that Mr. J. B. Priestley's appeal on the radio not so many weeks ago for less gloom and more bands and flags, more cheerfulness in the tremendous tasks we are facing, should have been listened to. No advantage is gained by an official issue of gloom to all. An issue of rum is much better. In my experience of the great air fighters, I found that they were nearly always the laughing variety, who went into action with a grin. And it is the same with athletes. The man who wins is the man who starts in a sort of loose and laughing frame of mind. Yet everything is being done here to increase the prohibitions on pleasure and to spread gloom. Mostly it is done under the cloak of "protecting the fine young men of the

Forces against evil." Well, it is my experience that the fine young men do not appreciate being protected, and

that, in fact, they believe themselves just as capable of protecting themselves as their would-be governesses. Let us have less police-made gloom.



POLISH AIRMEN TRAINING WITH THE R.A.F.

A group of some of the many gallant Polish airmen who are anxious to settle accounts with the enemy, and are now in training with officers of the British R.A.F. to serve with our units, where they will be a welcome and useful addition to the forces engaged in "clearing the air." (L. to r.; back row) F./O.s Bielanski, Lubiesko, Miarczyński, Starowicz, P./O. Luba, P./O. Kozinski; (sitting) F./O. Fengler, F./O. Peski, Flt.-Lieut. Brejnak, F./O. B. P. H. Page (British R.A.F., in command), P./O. Rabbnett, Flt.-Lieut. Dudzinski, P./O. Jasinski

Stuart



A RECENT R.A.F. WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Ian Hutchinson after their wedding on July 27 at St. Mary's, Little Wymondley, Herts. The bride was Miss Joyce Waterlow, and is the only daughter of Sir Edgar and Lady Waterlow. The bridegroom, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Hutchinson, is in the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve

## Wright is Right

NOBODY has ever published more interesting studies of aircraft production in this country, in Germany and in the United States of America than Mr. T. P. Wright, Vice-President of Engineering of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation. When you see an air correspondent in one of the London daily papers making solemn estimates of air strength and aircraft output, look up Mr. Wright. You will find it all there. And now he has come out with another article in *Aviation* in which he estimates America's output and the time it will take her to reach the 50,000 aeroplanes a year which the President said must be the aim.

There can be no doubt that, when America gets started, she will leave all other countries in the world, including ourselves and Germany, far behind in the output race. She did it in motor-cars and she will do it in aircraft. But Mr. Wright utters a warning note. He warns us, in effect, not to expect miracles, and he estimates that it will be five years before the 50,000-a-year rate is reached. In the course of the article it is also revealed that at the present time there are 13,000,000 square feet of factory floor-space devoted to airframe and aero-engine manufacture in the States. Mr. Wright says this must be increased to 70,000,000 square feet before the 50,000-a-year rate can be reached.

## Quality

IN quality, as I have often mentioned in these notes, American aircraft have been proved in action to be vastly superior to German aircraft. The Curtiss fighters used by the French, although much slower than the Messerschmitts, were able to compete with them because of their powers of rapid manoeuvre and their trustworthiness. Similarly, the French found the Martin and the Douglas bombers excellent, and we in this country have learned to put unlimited faith in the Lockheed "Hudson." The North American "Harvard" has also done well as a trainer for our pilots.

Another cheerful thing is that the Americans are still making rapid technical progress. The Bell Company's new fighter, though its engine-aft arrangement has been criticised, is an example of the urgent manner in which the Americans seek new things and try them. It is no good denying that in this country our experimental aircraft must be to some extent held in abeyance while we work up to maximum production. Consequently, it is good to know that America is still experimenting.





MRS. OTWAY GRAHAM-TOLER, LADY MUSKERRY  
AND MR. OTWAY GRAHAM-TOLER

A part of the large audience which saw the Aga Khan complete an Irish double. His "Turkhan" won the Derby and "Queen of Shiraz" won the Oaks. Mr. Graham-Toler is heir presumptive to the Earl of Norbury, and was formerly in the Irish Guards

THE TATLER  
AUGUST 7, 1910



LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE WITH SOME YOUNG  
ENTHUSIASTS

Tessa Kindersley, Lady Oranmore and Browne's daughter by her first marriage, is on the left, and Doon Plunket, her sister's child, on the right. The Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket was formerly Miss Aileen Guinness. Lady Oranmore and Browne was Miss Oonagh Guinness

## IRISH OAKS DAY AT THE CURRAGH



TWO OF IRELAND'S GREATEST SPORTSMEN  
Major E. M. Conolly, son of the late Squire Conolly, of Castletown, and the Earl of Granard, formerly Master of the Horse to the King, and served with the Salonika Force in the last war



SOME MORE WELL-KNOWN

Michael Beary, Captain Darby Rogers and Mrs. Evelyn Shirley snapped just before the big race, in which Mike Beary rode Major Evelyn Shirley's "Epilogue" (unplaced)



Tommy Burns and Mr. "Trigo" Barnett  
Tommy Burns was third in the Irish Oaks on Mr. Barnett's "Bold Maid." "Trigo," Mr. Barnett's famous colt, won the Derby and Leger in 1929, and also the Irish Leger





DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE AS MRS. BAINES AND WENDY HILLER  
AS MAJOR BARBARA

Wendy Hiller plays the Earl's daughter who joins the Army, and has a magnificent acting chance; Dame Sybil Thorndike is finely cast as General Baines



THE BIG-DRUM PROFESSOR AND MAJOR BARBARA  
Rex Harrison plays the part of the Professor of Greek who joins the Army solely in order to be near the object of his adoration



THE LUNCH-TIME BREAK IN THE HARD DAY'S WORK

Round the table (left to right) are Deborah Kerr, who plays Jenny Hill; Robert Morley, who plays Undershaft, the armaments king; Rex Harrison, and Mary Ault, who plays Rummy Mitchens



DEBORAH KERR IN A LITTLE PRELIMINARY DRYING  
OPERATION



(ON LEFT) GABRIEL  
PASCAL AND WENDY  
HILLER

Gabriel Pascal is producing for Pascal Film Productions, and is here seen explaining a sequence to the heroine of the film, Wendy Hiller

## THE MAKING OF "MAJOR BARBARA"

PICTURES TAKEN AT DENHAM  
DURING THE FILMING OF  
BERNARD SHAW'S GREAT STORY





A SCENE OUTSIDE THE SALVATION ARMY SHELTER

Snobby Price (Emlyn Williams), the out-of-work, with Major Barbara (Wendy Hiller) and Jenny Hill (Deborah Kerr). Emlyn Williams was in his own fine play, *The Corn is Green*, with Dame Sybil Thorndike, who is a principal in this film



DEBORAH KERR IN HER DRESSING-ROOM

Deborah Kerr as the Salvation Army lass, who worked for three weeks in a Salvation Army shelter to collect atmosphere



DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE AND THE MAKE-UP ARTIST



ADOLPHUS CUSINS (REX HARRISON) LEADS THE BAND

The Professor of Greek only joins the movement so that he can be near Major Barbara, with whom he is desperately in love

At the time these pictures go to press, the film of Bernard Shaw's great story of the conflict between the lives of society and the noble work of the Salvation Army is only about half finished at the Denham Studios, where Gabriel Pascal has been very busy, and also at Dartington Hall, in Devon, where some of the shots were taken. Wendy Hiller is magnificently cast for the Earl's daughter who decides to forsake the world of the butterflies for a life of self-sacrifice and hard work, and her outstanding success in *Pygmalion*, the only other Shaw play so far transmuted to the celluloid, will be gratefully remembered by all who saw her Eliza Doolittle—the stage part was created by Mrs. "Pat" Campbell. Bernard Shaw, who has just celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday, has written sixty new scenes for this screen version of his play, and he introduces a new character, Mog, the girl of the streets (played by Cathleen Cordell), a character only heard of obliquely in the original play. The production of this film will naturally be eagerly awaited, for there can be no doubt about its success with such fine material and such a highly distinguished cast

(ON RIGHT) DAVID TREE AS CHARLES LOMAX, AND PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD AS SARAH, "MAJOR BARBARA'S" SOCIAL BUTTERFLY SISTER



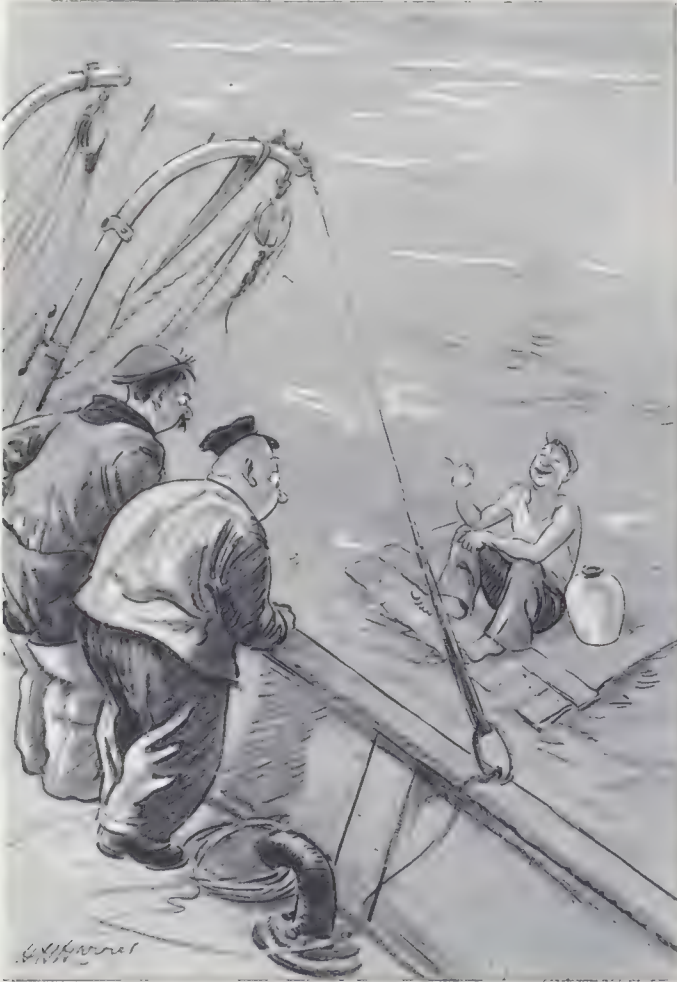


## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A MAN walked into a restaurant and ordered a grilled steak with vegetables. He then had four poached eggs; and topped the meal off with four doughnuts, and two cups of coffee.

When the waiter presented the bill he remarked: "Excuse me, sir, but you must enjoy your meals."

"Far from it," replied the diner. "As a matter of fact, I hate them—but I'm crazy about bicarbonate of soda."



"I'll wait for one going *that* way!"

THE oldest inhabitant in the village was celebrating his hundredth birthday, and the local newspaper had sent down a reporter to interview him.

He asked all the usual questions, and got the usual sort of answers, and then the Pressman asked:

"And now, tell me what you would do if you could have your time over again?"

The old man thought in silence for a long while. Then he said slowly: "I think I would part my hair in the middle!"

A lady at one of the sales was struck on the head by a piece of plaster which fell from the ceiling. She sent for the manager and began to talk about damages, when he led her outside, pointed to a large notice, and said: "You see, Madam, we distinctly warned you!"

Looking up, the injured one read: "NOTICE! THESE PREMISES ARE COMING DOWN!"

GÖBBELS began to suffer from an inferiority complex, so he went to a psychologist.

"Tell yourself how grand you are," said the specialist. "Build yourself up in your own estimation."

"That's no good at all," replied Göbbels. "I'm such a liar I can't believe myself."

RETURNING home from the office, Jones remarked to his wife: "These gas-masks seem to get heavier with carrying."

"Yes, dear," replied his wife sweetly. "You went away this morning with the box we keep the electric iron in."

A cricket match was in progress at a certain military camp, and presently one batsman, a captain, was given out. He, however, didn't agree with the verdict.

He marched up to the umpire—a private, no less—and demanded: "What have you given me out for?"

"For the duration of the match, sir!" was the prompt reply.

HE was a brand-new recruit, and his shoes were number 14. One day the sergeant missed him.

"Has anyone seen that recruit?" he asked.

A voice from the rear called out, "Yes, sir, he has gone to the cross-roads to turn round."

"BUT does this young man," asked the girl's father, "understand the responsibilities of married life?"

"Oh, entirely," said the girl. "Both his parents were married."

A drunk sat in a bus and rather annoyed the lady opposite by smiling at her, shaking his head, and so forth. At last she lost patience and snapped at him:

"Are you married?"

"I am that," he replied with a leer.

"Do you know what I would do with you if you were my husband?"

"No. What would you do?"

"I'd give you a dose of poison!"

"Would you, though?" said the drunk. "And do you know what I would do if you were my wife?"

"No," she replied. But she was not quite prepared for the rejoinder.

"I'd take it!"

BEFORE they were married he whispered to her: "Were I drowning in the middle of the Atlantic—going down for the third time—you would be the last person I'd think of."

It made her feel so happy.

After they had been married several years he made the same speech.

It didn't seem to have quite the same meaning then. Besides, she didn't like the way he said it.

So she hit him with a plate.

JOCK'S wife was on her deathbed, and calling her husband to the bedside, said: "There's one thing I want ye to promise me afore I dee."

"An' what's that, lassie?" answered Jock tenderly.

"I want ye to travel in the same coach as my mither."

"Aweel, I'll dae that to oblige ye, but ye've spoilt the day for me!"



"I suggest the Army, if you agree, Colonel"





"BACK STAGE" PICTURE OF THE FAIRIES

The popular report was that Robert Atkins was short of fairies for his open-air *Midsummer Night's Dream*. However quantity may be the quality is superb



THE TATLER  
No. 2041, AUGUST 7, 1940

A FAIRY AND PUCK IN THE "WINGS"

The Hon. Pamela Stanley plays Master Robin Goodfellow in this attractive open-air production in Regent's Park and puts a girdle round the world most attractively. She has also apparently roped in the audience



IRIS BAKER (HELENA) AND FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN AS THE CONFIDING  
BOTTOM THE WEAVER

## "THE DREAM" IN JULY

THE OPEN-AIR  
THEATRE  
BRAVELY  
RE-OPENS IN  
REGEN'T'S PARK

(ON RIGHT) JOHN WYSE  
(OBERON) AND  
MARGARET VINES  
(TITANIA)

They both speak the beautiful lines most admirably and at the time of going to press it has kindly kept fine enough for them to do it without the aid of umbrellas, but the general consensus of opinion seems to be that it might always be wiser to pick a date nearer Midsummer Day. In fickle July it might so easily happen that Oberon's "Ill met by Night," might come true







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# PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

## Baulking the Convoy

I ONLY hope the following incident is not typical. A long convoy of military vehicles was labouring up a main road hill on one part of which repairs reduced the available width to one half. At this point an officer very properly held up private cars which were descending the hill. When I saw his signal I naturally stopped but hardly had I done so when a woman in another car came edging past me and tried to force her way in between two of the ascending lorries. It was with the greatest difficulty that the officer stopped her. A minute or two later an N.C.O. airman arrived in another car and he too tried to force his way through the bottle neck. And before the convoy had got through another driver had been added to the descending queue and had been no more thoughtful than his predecessors.

I felt so angry at this display of selfishness that had I been on guard at that spot and any one of the offenders had actually passed through the bottle neck against obvious and reasonable orders I should have had no hesitation in potting their tyres. Anyway, the incident showed how essential it will be in time of emergency to keep all private motorists off the roads so as to give the defending troops a clear run.

This closing of the roads, it seems to me, may not be confined to the recognized defence areas. It may be ordered far inland and in the most unexpected districts for the simple reason that parachutists or air-borne troops may land anywhere in the country and not necessarily near the coast. For this reason country motorists who rely on their own or their tradesmen's cars to bring them the necessities of life from their nearest town would be well advised to lay in a stock of victuals to tide them over a difficult period.

## No More New Cars

THE prohibition of the sale of new models for private use in this country except under special licence will inevitably send up the price of good used cars of recent origin and moderate power. At the moment the stocks of used cars held by dealers is adequate, but as time goes on they will be reduced and values will mount accordingly. As I have said before, it behoves every one whether he is using or has laid up his car to see that it is maintained in proper running order. For a car that has been allowed to deteriorate owing to the putting off of one small repair or adjustment after another is a dangerous liability instead of an asset in an emergency. It would therefore be wise to check over the vital details of a laid-up car and ensure that it will start readily, that the tyres are properly inflated, the battery and radiator topped up and the sump and petrol tank provided with oil and fuel.

There is some idea that new cars either being made in the factories or held in dealers' premises may be turned over to meet export requirements and the authorities are consulting Mr. W. E. Rootes, the president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders on this very point. The snags in the idea are that a lot of popular models are not suitable for some overseas markets while some cars that might be used would need modifications in design such as the moving of the steering wheel from the off to the near side before being shipped overseas.

In the last war some people made a lot of money by buying up good used cars from poverty-stricken owners and selling them at a fantastic profit after the armistice. But that plan will not profit the owner who sells his car and then wishes to replace it. For although he may get a good price for his car he will have to pay an equivalently high price for his next vehicle. He will only gain if he decides to give up motoring altogether.



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# The Highway Fashion of

by M. E. Brooke

THERE are many doing practical war work; nevertheless, they do not wear uniform but need something simple which is in harmony with the life of today. Phillips and Co. (Sports and Country Wear), have solved this problem in a highly satisfactory manner. Their specialities are sold by houses of prestige, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to this firm at 12 Princes Street, Hanover Square. The well-tailored suit above is made of Moygashel Springbak crease-resisting linen

THE blouse and skirt on the right are of pure Irish Moygashel Shantloom linen, a fabric which wears remarkably well and is available in a variety of colours. A strong point in favour of the former is that it buttons through. As will be seen, the skirt is endowed with a slight flare; hence the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that Moygashel linens and rayons in an infinite variety are also used for dresses and slacks



Photographs by George Miles



## WHY START THE DAY WITH A HEADACHE?

If you ever wake up with a headache or a brain that can't seem to concentrate, there's no need to struggle against it all day. But it's no good taking something that just relieves the pain. You're suffering from what doctors call an "acid condition," and you *must* correct that acidity, if you're to feel fit and fresh.

That is why a sparkling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer' is much the best way to cure a headache. It stops the headache almost instantly, and it completely counteracts the acidity without any awkward laxative effect.

If you have a headache or feel as if you were suffering from a "morning-after," take a glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer'; you will be amazed how soon your head will clear, how quickly you will feel better in every way. And you will be better, too. For 'Bromo-Seltzer's' alkalising elements will have counteracted the acids which cause your trouble. 'Bromo-Seltzer' is simply grand for Headaches, Nervousness, Brain Fatigue, Indigestion and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells or any Chemist today. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

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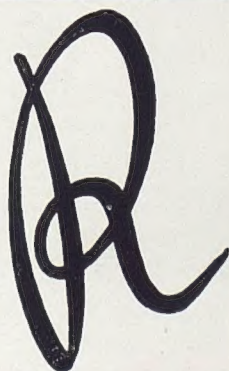
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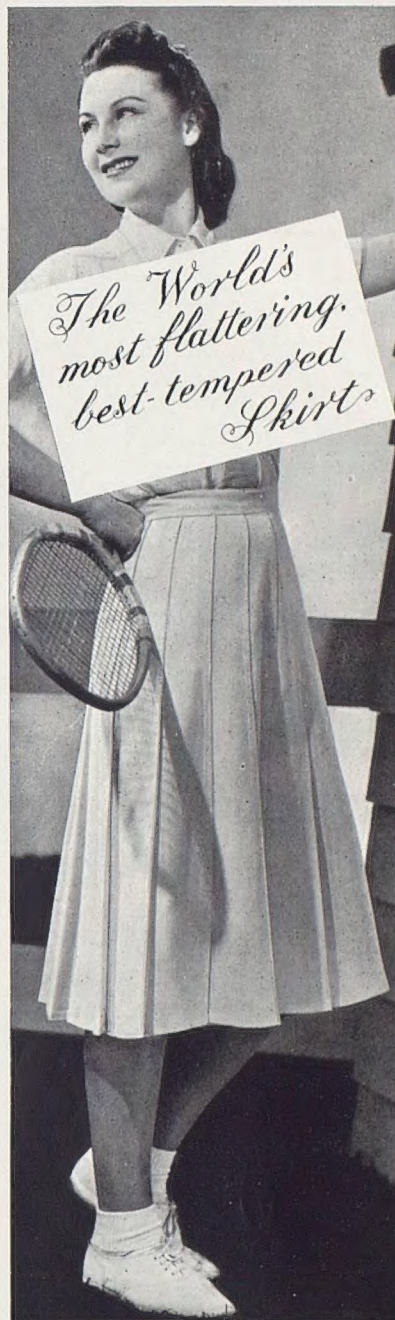
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# Sensible, informative reading for Sensible people . . .

*Here is an extract from a story of an old Commander and a battered ship. He refused to be left out of the War.*

## "A GIFT TO THE NATION"

by R. H. Watkins

On the filmy edge of the fog was the submarine, black with menace, a steel thing devoid of human life. It was swinging fast. And instantly Mr. Hall got it. She was swinging to get a tube lined up on the big cargo liner already turning astern of the *St. Nicholas*. In a few moments that convoyed ship would be presenting her whole starboard to the submarine's torpedo.

Commander Billingsby was coughing and fighting for breath.

"Ram! Ram that guy!" Mr. Hall cried. He jabbed his hand towards the sub and pinned the Cockney helmsman with his eye. "Right! Hard right! Ram that swab!"

The quartermaster gulped for air and started to spin the wheel.

"There's a chance to get him," Hall said softly. His jaw was hard. His eyes stuck out as he stared at the sub a hundred yards ahead. "Swing her!"

The old man spoke.

His voice was thin but it cut through the air much as the destroyer had slashed through the seas.

"Steady!" he commanded. "Steady as she is!"

"Steady as she is, sir!" the quartermaster repeated shrilly. He halted her slowly-turning bow.

"But—"

The thin voice silenced Mr. Hall's agonised protest. "Not enough way, Mr. Hall. We couldn't get there. But—"

The old man lifted his thin hand to indicate the big, laden freighter and then his own sorry old craft, crawling slowly in between the submarine and that huge, easy victim.

"She makes a good screen, this ship," the old man said and his eyes turned back to the periscope. Already a destroyer was poking her sharp nose through the fog ahead of them. "A good screen, Mr. Hall—and small gift—to the nation."

His war-trained eyes must have seen something about that submarine that Mr. Hall missed, for suddenly his voice quickened: "Get the men out of the engine-room! All hands on deck!"

"All hands on deck!" bellowed Mr. Hall and dived for the engine-room speaking-tube.

He was still shouting down the tube in the wheelhouse when it happened. His eyes, turned towards the bridge, first saw Commander Billingsby's thin white hands suddenly leave the bridge rail and dart to his sides, fingers at the seams of his trousers. The small figure became stiff. Then something, sound overpowering his ears or a blast of air as solid as water, smashed down on Mr. Hall. The torpedo had hit.

When he could struggle again he managed to slide out from under a flattened section . . .

*You will enjoy the whole of this story of adventure and patriotism*



## From AFTER THE WAR

by C. PATRICK THOMPSON

Move the eye from the current war production picture, patterned around the machine tool, to the post-war world of some distant tomorrow, and the first thing one sees is a world population capable of production beyond anything we have known so far.

The production problem, which has worried men through the centuries and the ages is solved. In tomorrow's world we have to find the solution for distribution. Inability to solve that problem so far is the root cause of most of our troubles, from slumps and political upheavals, to Nazism and the new war. It will be solved tomorrow by the creation of larger economic groupings among the nations, and, probably, considerable migratory movements.

Everything we use, wear and eat is likely to be cheaper: that is to say, people who work will get more in exchange for their toil and service of the things they want for daily living. And life will be very different; and people will not even look the same.

I made a note on that prospect a year ago, lunching with a chemical engineer in New York. He had brought along a pretty girl whom he introduced as his "laboratory mannequin." He headed a branch of the research side of a great chemical combine. In that restaurant, which was packed with women looking like fashion plates, the girl could have taken first prize for elegance. She was a vogue poem in yellow and lilac. And she was clothed completely in chemicals. . .

*A very informative article in the August issue.*

## These too are in the AUGUST ISSUE . . .

**SALUTE TO ENGLAND** by Negley Farson  
From an American who took part in Britain's war, 1914-1918

**EXPORT TRADE** by Captain Frank H. Shaw  
Britain's wealth streams out to all the world—submarines or not.

**BOMBER ATTACK** by Captain H. C. Baird.  
Puts on record the technique of the German Air Force in their drive to the sea.

**COMPLETE HOME SECTION.**  
**YOUR CHILDREN ON RATIONS.** A study of food values may prove to be a good thing for the next generation

**THE HOUSE, THE INTERIOR, THE ACCESSORIES.** Some interesting facts about furniture and decoration

**WHITE ELEPHANTS WITH ROSY FUTURES.** Miss Winifred Lewis tells you how these pieces of furniture left over from another era, can be utilized in many ways with little expense.

**DOMESTIC ISLET.** Four women, pooling functional and occupational resources, turn a country cottage and six acres into a self-contained autonomous paying unit.

**FASHION REJUVENATION** by Jean Burnup  
Colour experiments will help to revive the young life that is still in plenty of these tired clothes that litter up your wardrobe.

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